

Suggestive.

Hope is the brightest star in the firmament of youth.
Things Requisite.
Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad.
For the worthy applause—an excuse for the bad.
Some help for the needy—some pity for those who stray from the path where true happiness flows.
Have a laugh for the child in her play at her feet.
Have respect for the aged and pleasantly greet the stranger who seeks shelter from these—Have a covering to spare, if he naked should be.
Have a hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy.
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ.
And, oh, above all things on this side the sod, Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.
I believe that we cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreeably than having a clear conscience.—*Socrates.*

Beautiful Things.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—it matters little if dark or fair—White-rosed honesty printed there.
Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal pans where heartless glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below.
Beautiful lips are those whose words leap from the heart like songs of birds, Yet whose utterance profound girls.
Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest and brave and true, Most by moment the long day through.
Beautiful feet are those that go On knobby instep and to tread, Down lowliest ways if God will it so.
Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Caresome burden of humanity
With patient grace and daily prayer.
Beautiful lives are those that bless, Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountain but few can guess.
Beautiful twilight, at set of sun;
Beau the glow, with h rose well run;
Beautiful rest, with work well done.
Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts the deep,
Over yon-out banner, oh beautiful sleep!
In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

Itemical.

John McCullough, whose father was evicted from a small Irish farm, says America is the best country not only for actors, but for everybody else.
Mrs. Fletcher Webster has presented to Mr. G. F. Williams, of Boston, the arm chair and table used by her illustrious father-in-law in his Marshfield study.
Blue jays, which some years ago were rarely seen except in the woods, are now found in the groves around the churches and schools of the New England cities. They have been driven in by the pot hunters.
Between the forks of the San Joaquin and King's River, in California, is a moving glacier of clear blue ice, one mile long, half a mile wide and 150 feet thick, which travels about ten feet a year northward.
Of all the Roman Catholic clergymen in the United States in 1854, it is said that the only one now living is the Rev. Father Hausermann, who celebrated the fifty-third anniversary of his ordination and the forty-first of his present pastorate, St. Mary's, Troy, New York.
The bronze statue of Lafayette on which Mr. J. Q. A. Ward is now at work will cost \$2,000, and on its completion, in September, will be presented by J. P. Howard, of Burlington, Vt., to the University of Vermont, the cornerstone of which institution was laid by the French patriot in 1825.
The Liverpool Mercury reports the death at Sulby, May 18, of Thomas Anderson at the age of 107 years. His wife died last year at ninety-eight years of age, after a married life extending over eighty-four years. Up to within a fortnight of his death he was able to walk about and converse intelligently about the events of his long life.
A bequest of \$25,000 worth of real estate, left by the late Mrs. Robert B. Bowler, of Clinton, Ohio, in 1865, to found a Professorship of Natural Science in Kenyon College, at Gambier, has been increased by its sale and judicious management of the proceeds to \$51,500, and the college has just received the last installment of the payments.
Mr. Seth Green regrets to say that "owing to the state of finances at the disposal of the Fish Commission, and the failure to get our appropriation in time, we have been obliged to abandon that culture for the past two seasons. This is greatly deplored by the Fish Commission, and the decrease of shad in the Hudson will be felt accordingly in due time."
At a country house where I was visiting a few years since, a stately major-domo, bearing the name of MacMahon, related over the cellar. "Are you a relation of the Marsha's?" jokingly said a friend who was with me. "No, sir," was the grave reply. "The French President is of our younger house; we are the MacMahons of Clare!" Tableau!—London World.
In a recent trial in Ottawa, Canada, a police officer testified that respectable women did not wear black cashmere mantles, blue dresses or hats of the description worn by the defendant, and that the latter's clothes were too fashionable for respectable women; but he subsequently modified this assertion by saying that the clothes were only "middling fashionable."
From France an extraordinary tri cycle journey is reported to have been made by the Vice President of the Lyons Bicycle Club, accompanied by his wife. They traveled in one of the two-wheeled tri-cycles from Lyons to Nice, Genoa, Rome and Naples, and home again through Florence and Turin. The entire distance is about 2200 miles, and they averaged between 50 and 60 miles a day.

Home Economics.

WILD ROSE CAKE.—Make the dough after the receipt given for Pond Lily Cake, flavoring with rose and strawberry instead of peach. Bake in two-inch deep jelly tin and sandwich with pink icing, and the same on the top, made by substituting finely pulverized pink sugar for white. When you have put the last layer of pink icing on the top, sift very lightly and thickly, over the top granulated white sugar.
COCONUT PIE.—One pound of grated coconut, one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of powdered sugar, two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, four eggs, whites and yolks separated, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla; beat the butter and sugar together; beat light; stir in the beaten yolks, then the lemon, lastly the coconut and whites alternately. Bake in open shells. Eat cold, with powdered sugar sifted over.

POND LILY CAKE.—One and a half cups of butter, one and a half cups of sugar, whites of five eggs, one and a half pints of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup of milk; flavor with extract of peach, and a few drops of rose water. Bake in two cakes in very deep jelly or sponge tins, and when done put together with freshly-rated coconut and pulverized sugar between and on top of the cakes, and ice.

CREAM CUSTARDS.—Sweeten a pint of cream with powdered white sugar; set it on a few coals. When hot stir in white wine until it curdles; add rose water or essence of lemon to the taste, and turn into dessert dishes or cups. Another way of making them is to mix a pint of cream with one of milk, five beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of flour, and three of sugar; add nutmeg to the taste, and bake in cups or pie-plates in a quick oven.

BROCK TROUT.—Split nearly to the tail, wash and clean well and fold together again. Let them lie wrapped singly in a clean dry towel for a few minutes. Dredge with flour and salt, and put in a pan with fresh sweet lard, which should be hot but not burning. Do not turn until brown enough for the table. One of the most essential things in serving trout, or fish of any kind, is to have everything hot and quickly dished so that all may go to the table at once.

CHARLOTTE ROUSE.—Two tablespoonfuls of gelatine soaked in a little cold milk for two hours; two coffee-cups of rich cream; one teaspoon of milk. Whip the cream stiff in a large dish; set on ice. Beat the milk and pour gradually over the gelatine until dissolved, then strain; when nearly cold add the whipped cream, a spoonful at a time. Sweeten with pulverized sugar and flavor with vanilla. Line a dish with lady-fingers or sponge-cake; pour in the cream and set in a cool place to harden.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—One quart of milk, one cup of sugar, one third of a cup of Baker's chocolate one whole egg and yolks of three more, and two spoonfuls of corn starch. Leave out a cup of milk to mix the ingredients. Boil those until the milk begins to thicken, then pour into your pudding dish. When cold make a frosting of the whites of three eggs used, and stiffen with sugar; a little vanilla, pour over the pudding and set in the oven three minutes. A little chocolate beaten into the frosting is also very pleasing.

CUP PLUM PUDDING.—One cup each of raisins, currants, bread crumbs, sweet and sugar; stone and cut the raisins, wash and dry the currants, chop the sweet and mix all the above ingredients well together; then add two ounces of well candied peel and citron, a little mixed spice, salt and ginger, say half a teaspoonful of each; stir in four well beaten eggs and mix enough to make the mixture so that the spoon will stand upright in it; tie it loosely in a cloth or put in a mould; plunge in boiling water and boil for three and a half hours.

Kissed by Victor Hugo.

Six of us Chicagoans went to see Victor Hugo last Sunday night. He received us every Sunday evening, and always has a dozen or more of his friends to dinner with him. We knew that the regulation way to do was to write to the poet's secretary, asking permission to come to pay our respects to the old gentleman. But we had neglected to do that, and some of us were on the point of leaving Paris as we wrote our names on a card with the magic word Chicago thereupon and went out way to the Avenue Victor Hugo. We were about into the family parlor, a pleasant room in cream and crimson, with tapestry-hung walls, a Venetian chandelier, an old clock and a few choice bronzes here and there. Two visitors were waiting for dinner to finish, although it was already 9 o'clock. By-and-by the old poet and his friends came in. He is much more genteel looking than his pictures represent him to be. There is a certain ruggedness, almost coarseness, apparent in all likenesses of him. This is not natural. The benign old face, with its crown of white hair, is singularly tender and lovely. His secretary presented us. "Americans who wished to salute the poet." The gentlemen of our party shook hands, said and received a few pleasant words, and then our turn came. Little Edith, a tiny maid of 8 years, held up her little hand.
"At her age she may have an embrace," said the secretary, and the old poet kissed her upon her forehead, giving her his blessing. Then a very much excited young girl standing by cried as she saw that embrace: "Oh, am I too large to be kissed by the poet?"
"Yes, yes, mademoiselle," cried the secretary; but the lovely old poet said: "No, no, dear child." Then he took the excited young girl in his arms and gave her two good kisses, at which she was highly delighted, and said, half crying: "I thank you a thousand times. I shall remember this honor forever."
And the poet said, with his hand on his heart: "No, no; it is I who must thank you, and it is I who shall not forget."

The Coffee Drinkers.

The Hollanders are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world, their annual consumption being about 18 lbs. per head of the whole population. The principal cause is the fact that Amsterdam has long been one of the great coffee marts of the world, and, being admitted free of duty, coffee is very cheap. Next come Belgium and Denmark, in which the consumption per capita is about half that of Holland.

Next come the United States, in which the consumption per capita in 1890 was 8.5 lbs., in 1881 somewhat less, being 8.4 lbs. per head. By a calculation founded on the data furnished in Mr. Thurber's book, the present consumption of coffee in the United States may be stated at a little over one pound per week for each family in the nation. In the use of tea and coffee the people of England and the United States present a most remarkable contrast. The annual consumption of the people of England is just about a pound of coffee per head, or about one-eighth of that of the people of the United States. Comparing the consumption of tea with that of coffee, it will be found that while the people of the United States use about five pounds of coffee to one pound of tea, the people of England use five pounds of tea to one pound of coffee.

There are fashions in coffee, as in almost everything. Mr. Thurber gives many curious examples, of which we have room for only one. In his chapter on Mocha coffee he says: "At Eden and Alexandria the coffee is carefully picked over and assayed in compliance with the singular fashion in trade which creates a demand in Europe for the larger beans, while the United States will have none but the smaller ones. In point of fact, the larger beans are best, being fully developed and more perfect both in appearance and flavor."

The whole amount of coffee consumed in the United States in 1890 was, in round numbers, 400,000 pounds. Where does it all come from? Probably in regard to no question of fact is there such widespread popular delusion as to this. If all the retail grocers in the United States were to be asked of what kind of coffee they sold most, undoubtedly a large majority of them would answer "Java." Mr. Thurber's statistics, taken from the official returns of custom-house officers, afford the means of answering the question correctly. If we include under the general name of "American coffee" the coffee produced in South and Central America and the West Indies, it will be found that in the year 1890 the 400,000,000 pounds entered for consumption more than \$60,000,000 pounds, or nearly five-sixths, was American coffee. Of this enormous amount \$39,000,000 pounds came from Brazil; in other words, more than four-sevenths of all the coffee used in the United States is "Rio;" and nearly all is sold and consumed under some other name. Mocha coffee is very generally considered the finest, and large quantities are sold under that name at a price higher than ordinary. The whole amount of coffee imported into the United States under the name of "Mocha" in the year of 1890 was 4,535,040 pounds. Of this cost more than two and a quarter millions of pounds was genuine, the rest being coffee imported into Arabia from other countries and then exported to the United States as "Mocha."

It will be seen that the amount of genuine coffee imported into the United States is about one pound in two hundred of the total import. Practically this is all consumed in great resorts where it is imported and in their immediate vicinity. Thousands of retail grocers in the United States sell, and their customers use, what they both believe to be genuine Mocha. Yet it may be well doubted whether outside of the great resorts there are a hundred grocers who have a pound of genuine Mocha in their stores. But they may comfort themselves with the assurance that the coffee they sell under that name is, if anything, a little better than the genuine article.

The total amount of coffee imported under the name of "Java" in 1890 was, in round numbers, 41,000,000 pounds, less than one-tenth of the total import; and "and yet," says Mr. Thurber, "the fragrant Java is the favorite berry throughout a large part of the United States, and every store-keeper in sections where it is in favor believes he has the genuine article. If we deduct the lower grades of Java imported, we discover that a very small quantity of fine brown, old Government Java is consumed in the United States." Nevertheless, the reader may enjoy his coffee in peace, and comfort himself with the assurance that the deception is in name rather than fact, and that the average quality of the coffee used, apart from adulteration with other substances, is quite as good as if it were truly la-belled.

Daniel Webster to His Son.

Daniel Webster wrote to his son Fletcher, who was about to be graduated at Harvard, in 1833: "I have seldom felt so much concern about anything of the kind as I do upon your success upon that occasion. I pray you spare no pains. In your best and you will do well enough. I earnestly remind you of the necessity of acting with great caution in regard to all testifies. You remember what I said to you on that head, and I pray you to forget no part of it."

The incontinent lives of professing Christians do more to retard the victories of the cross than all the works of unbelievers.
How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men boldly in the face, if he only bears a clear conscience.

In the Circuit Court of Amherst county, Va., Frederick McDaniel, colored, who brutally murdered Fred Carley, a reputable citizen, several months ago, was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged on the 25th of August.

Bishop Scott Dead.

Sketch of the Career of a Distinguished Methodist Minister.

Bishop Levi Scott, senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his home, near Odessa, Delaware. He had been failing for months, and his death was the result of a gradual giving up of his vital power. He leaves one son, Rev. Alfred T. Scott, of Wilmington, and one daughter, Mrs. George L. Townsend, with whom he had made his home for the past twenty years.

Rev. Levi Scott, D. D., was the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, both in point of service and of age. He was born near Odessa, Delaware, October 11, 1802. He was reared to labor on a farm and was intended for a trade. In 1822 he united with the Church and in 1826 was admitted to the Philadelphia Conference. He soon rose to distinction as a preacher. The deficiencies of early training were supplemented by great diligence in study. Laborious years were spent in the most arduous of the people of the United States. Comparing the consumption of tea with that of coffee, it will be found that while the people of the United States use about five pounds of coffee to one pound of tea, the people of England use five pounds of tea to one pound of coffee.

For two years past Bishop Scott's health has been failing, but prior to that time, up to his 78th year, he was actively engaged in the work of the Church. Latterly he spent most of his time at his home near Odessa, where he was cared for by his daughter, Mrs. Townsend, with whom he lived. Since the death of his wife he had been threatened with paralysis and with a complication of other diseases, which greatly enfeebled him, so that he had a very slender hold on life. He lived on the same place where he was born, although the old house in which he first saw the light had disappeared.

Bishop Scott's last official duty was as presiding officer of the Twenty-third Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which convened at Cincinnati, on May 1, 1890. Later on in this Conference (May 28) the Committee on Episcopacy reported, declaring the venerable Bishop "non-effective."

The death of Bishop Scott leaves but eleven Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church surviving, and of these five were recently, at least, more or less disabled.

The Geography Trap.

"Always be honest, boys," said Uncle Nathan to the youngsters. "Don't ever try to cheat at play, at work, or at lessons."

"I remember well how I tried to cheat my teacher once, and how I came to grief in consequence."
"We had a new teacher that term, a Miss Mason; and we were all delighted with the way she heard us recite in geography the first day. No passing the questions around the class by turn, but all answered in concert. You know it is such fun to school boys and girls to be allowed to make some kind of a noise, and we made the old school-house ring."
"It was just the same next day, and the next. There was a large class of us, and we considered that recitation prime fun."

"The fourth day of school came, and as I drew out the geography from my desk to prepare my lesson, something seemed to whisper to me: 'What's the use of your taking so much pains to learn your lesson when the class all answer together? What is going to notice if your voice isn't among the rest?' So you picked up enough from what you knew of geography, and what the rest answer, to put in an occasional word, and it will do just as well."

"I suspect that imp of mischief went about and whispered the same in the ears of the rest of the class; and you may conclude so, too, before my story is done. I am ashamed to tell you, boys, that I listened to the evil suggestion, and spent the time drawing pictures on my slate, and arranging a jack-knife trade with Ned White, that should have been given to my geography lesson. And without the geography was a new one that term, and not one of the class had ever studied it before."

"First class in geography!" called Miss Mason that afternoon, and just then there was a knock at the door. She answered it as we were taking our seats, and ushered in the minister and his wife, a committeeman and his wife, my two grown-up sisters, and last but not least among them, my cousin Nathan, for whom I was named, and for whose good opinion I cared more than for almost any other person's."

He always had such a pleasant way of rewarding me when I did well, and such a way, too, of making me feel his displeasure when I was in the wrong. At that moment, I would have given everything I possessed in the world for the knowledge of my lesson, but it was too late to wish for what I might have had so easily. It seemed to me I felt small and mean enough to crawl into a knot-hole!"

"You may recite in concert," said Miss Mason. "What peniculus on the arctic coast?"
"Booths and Melville," piped up a small girl, the very least and most diffident of the whole class, while the rest of us sat dumb as statues, but reider in the face.
"In concert," said Miss Mason. "What ones on the Atlantic coast?"
"Again the small girl answered alone."

"Once more; and this time decidedly in concert," said Miss Mason, emphatically. "What ones on the Pacific coast?"

"For the third time, Susie answered alone."
"You will now answer by turns, since you cannot seem to answer in concert," said Miss Mason; and three more questions went around the class, each to be finally answered by Susie.
"Miss Mason laid the geography down on the desk, with a peculiar smile on her face. 'Those of the class who have learned their lesson for today will please raise their right hands.'"
"Up went one little hand. Susie's, of course."

"Miss Mason looked amused enough to see how the rest of us had walked into her trap."
"Perhaps you thought," she said, "that because I heard you answer in concert heretofore, I should always do the same; but that is quite uncertain. I shall never tell you beforehand how you will answer, so the only safe way is to prepare your lesson. Now, I will tell you a little story, and then I will hear Susie recite the rest of her lesson while the others take their seats and prepare to recite after school."

"Once upon a time, the whole world agreed to meet together and shoot all at once, to see what a great noise it would make. But when they were met, it seemed each one thought his voice could make no difference in such a crowd, so he would only listen to the rest. All thought so except one old lady, who went to do her duty, and had no thought of shirking it. So when the signal was given for them to shoot, all that was heard was one old lady squealing 'Boo!' at the top of her voice. 'Moral: each do your duty, and the shout will come.'"

"A shamefaced crew, we went to our seats and into our geographies. Oh, dear! how humiliating it was, before visitors, to see the rest of the school dismissed, while we remained; but you may be sure we did not need the punishment again."

"So I charge you once more, my boys, 'Always and everywhere Be honest and fair.'"

"Middy" Morgan.

One of the most striking figures in the world of New York journalism is that of Miss Mary Morgan, the reporter of the live stock markets for the Times, and better known as "Middy" Morgan. She is a tall, plain, raw-boned woman, just fifty years old, simple in dress, and having the appearance of a western farmer's wife. She has had a varied experience. She comes of a good family and was born in Ireland. As soon as she could walk she took to riding on horseback, and gradually acquired a knowledge of herself that proved useful to her when, as a member of Victor Emmanuel's staff, she was intrusted with the duty of buying the horses of his army. She is an excellent Italian, French and German scholar, and in many ways an accomplished woman. Her tastes take her among horses and cattle, and she seldom misses a race that is worth seeing in the vicinity of New York. About fifteen years ago she came to this country with a letter of introduction to Horace Greeley. She obtained employment on the New York Tribune, and partly in jest was sent to Saratoga, where the races had just begun. Her account of the proceedings was accepted instead of that from the regular reporter. She afterwards became connected with the Times, and for ten years past has furnished the reports of the cattle markets for its columns. At five o'clock in the morning she can be seen in her old costume strolling about among the drovers at the live stock yards in Jersey City or in Sixteenth street, looking at the cattle, sheep and hogs that have come from the west, and making up her report for the day. She is as good a judge of a steer as can be found; can tell you the weight of a short-horned creature at a glance, and is an expert in all matters relating to cows, calves, sheep, pigs, as well as horses. The occupation may seem a queer one for a woman, but Miss Morgan is highly respected by all who know her, and she has accumulated a handsome competency by her connection with the Times and Herald, to both of which journals she furnishes reports of the live-stock markets.

An Improbable Story.

A Paris dispatch quotes the Debate as telling the following: On the memorable day of the massacre on the fifty Arabs, led by a half-naked Marabout, carrying a green flag and a sabre, ran amuck through the streets of Alexandria. They made a prodigious noise to keep up their courage, for a long time being lucky enough to meet only stray Europeans. These they hacked and slaughtered to their hearts' content. On turning into the Rue du Marabout, however, they came upon three Greeks, seated at a cafe smoking. Without stopping for a moment to reflect on the odds arrayed against him one of the Greeks quietly put down his nargile and walked up to the Marabout. That worthy at once set up a dismal howl; "Help! help! Children of Islam! to the rescue! They are assassinating us!" On this the Greek snatched the hero's sabre out of his hand and struck him several times in the face. Having thus shown him the measure of his contempt he returned to his nargile. The Arabs, panic-stricken, bolted round the corner, and although after this the three Greeks sat outside the cafe for some hours they were not once molested.

Temptation.

Temptation is far better shunned than grappled with. We may get strength by a victorious encounter, and so gain the beatitude, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." But we may be wounded in the trial, and so get the spells of the conqueror—wounds and bruises and dishonor. South says, truly: "To grapple with temptation is a venture; to fly from it is a victory."

Statistical.

The Russian Government has resolved to construct thirty gunboats which will cost 7,000,000 rubles.

According to a special census bulletin just issued, the total number of males of voting age in the United States in 1890 was 12,830,384, of whom 1,487,344 were colored and 3,072,487 of foreign birth.

Advices from Indian Territory show that there are 71,000 head of cattle and 10,000 horses on the trail toward market. A letter from Fort McKim states that cattle valued at \$13,500,000 are actually grazing in what was six years ago absolutely an Indian country.

During the last fiscal year Uncle Sam sold 13,000,000 acres of his farm. The various railroads, and States parted with at least 7,000,000 acres, and most of it was sold to actual settlers. That means wealth and prosperity in the future.

The States of Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina and South Carolina had 338,141,500,000 feet of merchantable pine standing on May 31, 1883, according to a late census bulletin. Since that time, however, cutting has been doing on at a greatly increased rate.

Southern cities use exclusively ice that is frozen by machinery. It costs \$1.50 per hundred.

The manufacture of woolen goods is exceedingly destructive of the machinery used. Every twenty years the equipments of a woolen mill must be entirely renewed. Over nine thousand sets of woolen machinery are in use in this country, and of these 450 must be replaced every year. The cost of replacing the "mules" alone is placed at \$1,200,000 annually. Various portions of the machinery, of course, last much longer than the average. A set of cards, carefully used, will last fifty years. The "mules" wear out on an average in fifteen years. Machinery for woolen manufacturing has become wonderfully complicated of late years, since the introduction of new styles of goods has required new processes, which in turn demand new machinery. In all there are 35,640 different processes employed, each with its separate costly machinery.

Beautiful Women.

It is not the smile of a pretty face, the delicate tint of a complexion, the luring glance of the eye, the beauty and symmetry of person, nor the costly dress or decorations that compose deportment; her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, her comfort and relief to the distressed, and, above all, her humility, that constitute true loveliness. Disraeli observes: "It is at the feet of women that we lay the laurels that, without their smile, would never have been won; it is her image that tunes the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquence, that guides the brain in the august toll of stately councils. Whatever may be the lot of man—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only love and be loved, he strikes a balance in favor of existence; for love can illumine the dark roof of poverty, and can enlighten the letters of the slave. Beautiful women may be admired, but who can refrain from loving the impersonation of grace and virtue we every day encounter in the charmed circles of domestic life?"

Sailors' Superstition.

It is said that before the sailing of the Portsmouth from Hampton Roads the following incident occurred: It seems that the ship had a pet cat, and the crew were much attached, and that just previous to sailing a new and strange feline was found on board. The old cat, upon discovering the presence of the intruder, offered battle, and its ground selected proved to be the extreme end of the bow-sprit, from which, however, the combatants in the heat of battle both fell, and were both drowned in the swift current. At this untoward accident the sailors were terribly disconcerted, and predicted with many doleful sighs and shakes of the head, the long passage which followed.

New Way to Pay Old Debts.

B—, who "runs" a country store and employed a number of wood-choppers, one day met an old doctor. "Well, Jones," said B—, "are you out of work?" "Yes, sir," he replied. "Would you go to work for me and have it credited to your old account, if I should make it easy for you?" Inquired B—. "I don't know. How will you fix it?" answered Jones. "Well, I'll tell you," said B—. "You know I am paying my choppers a dollar a day, but if you are disposed to work out your old indebtedness, I will allow you four dollars a day until the old account is settled. What say you?" Jones, after meditating a few moments, suddenly exclaimed: "I'll do it if you'll only make it half cash."

How Snakes Lost Their Feet.

Lamarck, the father of Darwinism, writes: "Herpetes having acquired the habit of creeping on the earth, and concealing themselves under the grass, their bodies, by succession of efforts always repeated, in order to elongate themselves so as to pass through narrow spaces, have acquired a considerable length altogether disproportionate to their thickness. Then feet would have been useless to such animals, and without exert; for long feet would have been troublesome in their creeping, and short feet necessarily only four in number, would have been incapable of moving their bodies. Thus the cessation of employing the limbs, being persistent in the successive races of serpents has made the parts totally disappear."

Alaskan Widows.

It was difficult to ascertain the exact law of succession among the Thlinkits, but the chiefship seems to follow the direct line, though, as in all other savage nations, this is scarcely a rule, for the lineal heir may be set aside in favor of a more acceptable man. In the inheritance of personal property the collateral is preferred to the lineal relationship. The wives, or more properly the widows, being personal property, pass to the collateral next of kin of their husband's totem, for the marriage of two people of the same totem is considered a kind of incest. The widow, in any event, takes with her such possessions as have always been her own infant children; naturally, then, she would take to her new husband the children's inheritance, which may account for the lack of regard for the male collateral next of kin as proper heir. If there be no male survivor competent to receive the widow, or if he purchases freedom with goods, she then passes into the open matrimonial market, with her pecuniary attractions. Sometimes the heir rebels and refuses to accept his former sister-in-law, cousin, aunt, or whatever she may be. Then her totemic or family relatives wage war on the insurer and such of his totem as he can rally around him, the object being either to enforce her right or extort a proper recompense. Among the Asoquoqs, further to the north and west, I saw a young fellow of about eighteen years of age who had just fallen heir to his uncle's widow. As I looked upon her mummy-like proportions I thought that here was reasonable cause for war. Sometime a husband already liberally provided for will come into a marriage in the shape of one or more widows. The only escape is by purchasing freedom. In fact, there seems to be no hurt to a Thlinkit's honor that money or goods will not best. The scolding of a widow, the betrayal of a maiden, and murder, all demand blood or pecuniary compensation. If in a feud all negotiations fail, and Kunkuk (symbolized in the wolf), the God of war, be unpropitious, and send private war, then the principal antagonists, with their totemic adherents, don their helmets and coats of paint, and stand facing each other in two lines, each line holding to a rope with the left hand, and wielding heavy knives with the right. They advance, and hack and hew, with more yell than bloodshed, until one side or the other cries the Thlinkit for Peace. In this duel, any warrior violates the code who lets go the rope with the left hand, unless he be wounded or torn from it; when he has let go, he is then out of the fight and must retire.

Valuable Suggestions.

What is To Be Done?

1. Child two years old has an attack of croup at night. Doctor at a distance. What is to be done?

The child should be immediately undressed, and put in a warm bath. Then give an emetic, composed of one part of antimony wine to two of ipecac. The dose is a teaspoonful. If the stimulant is not at hand, give warm water, mustard and water, or any other simple emetic; dry the child, and wrap it carefully in a warm blanket.

2. Hired girl sprains her ankle violently.

First bathe in cold water, then put the white of an egg in a saucer, and with a piece of alum, the size of a walnut, rub it in a thick jelly; place a portion of it in a piece of lint or large enough to cover the sprain, changing it as often as it feels warm or dry; the lint is to be kept in a horizontal position by placing it on a chair.

3. Bees swarm, and the man who drives them gets severely stung in the face.

The sting of a bee is hollow and barbed, and as it contains the poison the first thing to be done is to remove it. The part stung should then be bathed in warm water, and a little ammonia be rubbed on them.

4. Some one's nose bleeds, and cannot be stopped.

Take a plug of lint, moisten, dip in equal parts of powdered alum and gum arabic, and insert in the nose. Bathe the forehead in cold water.

5. Child eats a piece of bread on which arsenic has been placed for killing rats.

Give plenty of warm water, new milk in large quantities, gruel, linseed tea; foment the bowels. Scrape iron rust off anything, mix with warm water, and give in large draughts frequently. Never give large draughts of fluid until three given before—have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly if filled, and the object is to get rid of the poison as quickly as possible.

6. Young lady sits in a draught, and comes home with a bad sore throat.

Wrap fannel around the throat, keep out of draughts and sudden changes of atmosphere, and every half hour take a pinch of chloride of potash, place it on the tongue, and allow it to dissolve in the mouth.

7. Nurse suffers from a whitlow on her finger.

Place the whitlow in water as hot as can be borne, then poultice with linseed meal, taking care to mix a little grease with the poultice, to prevent it from growing hard. Bathe and poultice every evening.

8. Child falls backward against a tub of boiling water, and is much scalded.

Carefully undress the child, lay it on a bed, on its breast, as the back is scalded, be sure all draughts are excluded, then dust over the parts scalded with carbonate of soda, lay muslin over it, and make a tent, by placing two boxes with a board over them in the bed, to prevent the covering from pressing on the scald; cover up warmly.

9. Mower cuts driver's leg as he is thrown from seat.

Put a tight bandage around the limb, above the cut, slip a cork under it, in the direction of a line drawn from the inner part of the knee to a little outside of the groin. Draw the edges of the cut together with sticking plaster.

10. Child has a bad earache.

Dip a plug of cotton wool in olive oil, warm it, and place in the ear. Wrap up the head and keep out of draught.

11. Youth goes to skate; falls through the ice; brought home insensible.

Rip the body, and rub it dry; then rub it with a warm blanket and place it in a warm bed, in a warm room. Cleanse away froth and mucus from the nose and mouth. Apply warm bottles, bricks, &c., to the arms-pits, between the thighs, and to the soles of the feet. Rub the surface of the body with the hand encased in a warm dry worsted sock. To restore breathing, close the nostrils and breathe steadily into the mouth; inflate the lungs till the breast be raised a little, then set the nostrils free, and press gently on the chest until signs of life appear. Then give a warm drink, and put to bed. Do not give up hope for at least three hours after the accident.

12. Child gets sand in his eye.

Place your forefinger on the cheek bone having the child before you. Then draw up your finger, and you will probably be able to remove it; but if you cannot get the sand this way, repeat the operation while you have a knitting needle laid against the eyelids, this will turn the lid inside out, and then the sand may be removed with a silk handkerchief. Bathe in cold water, and exclude the light for a day.

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